

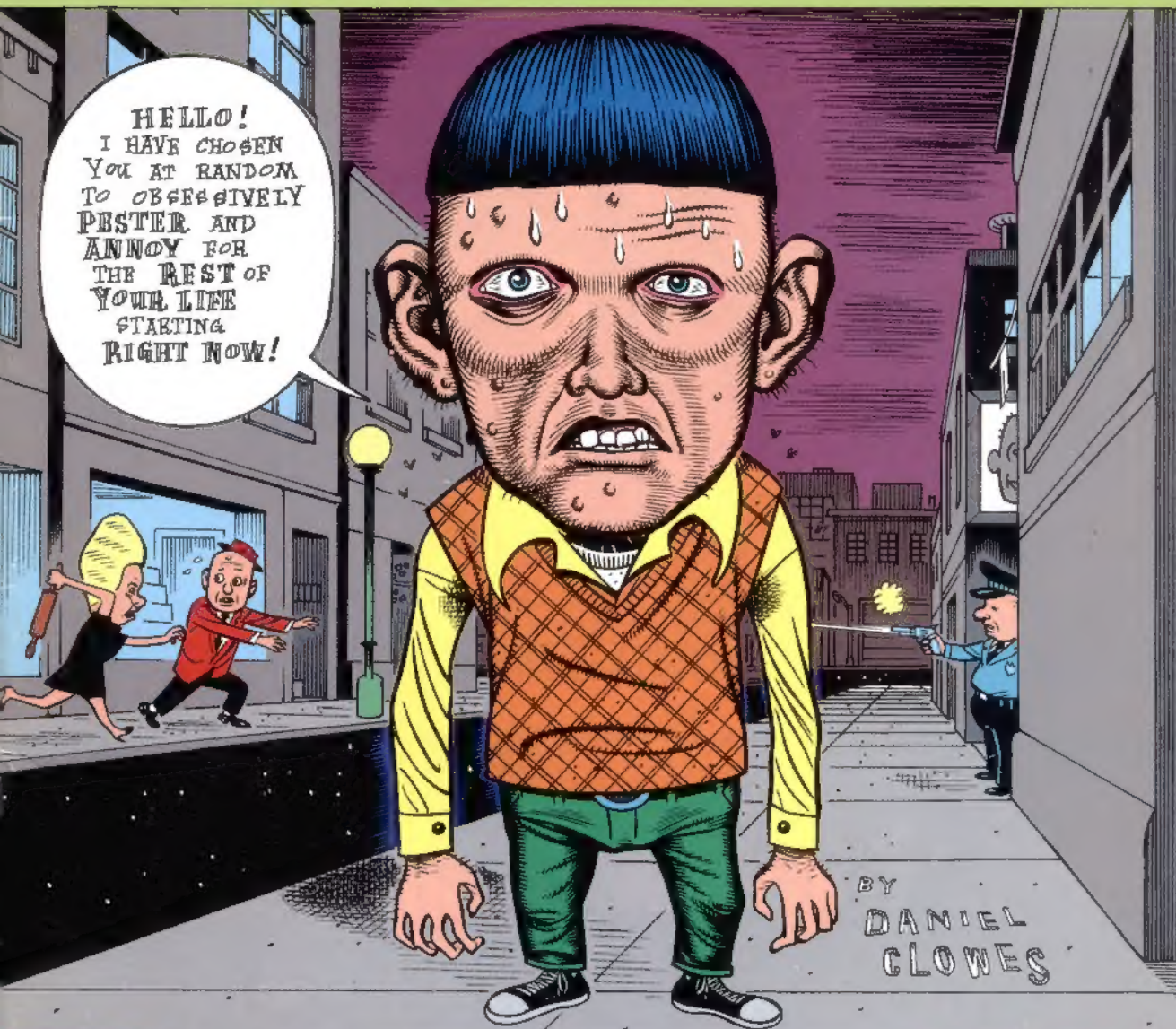


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NO. 8



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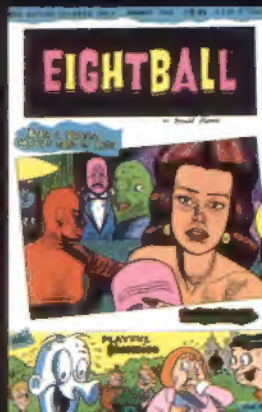
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number five



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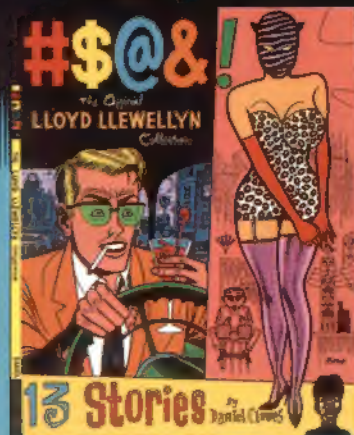
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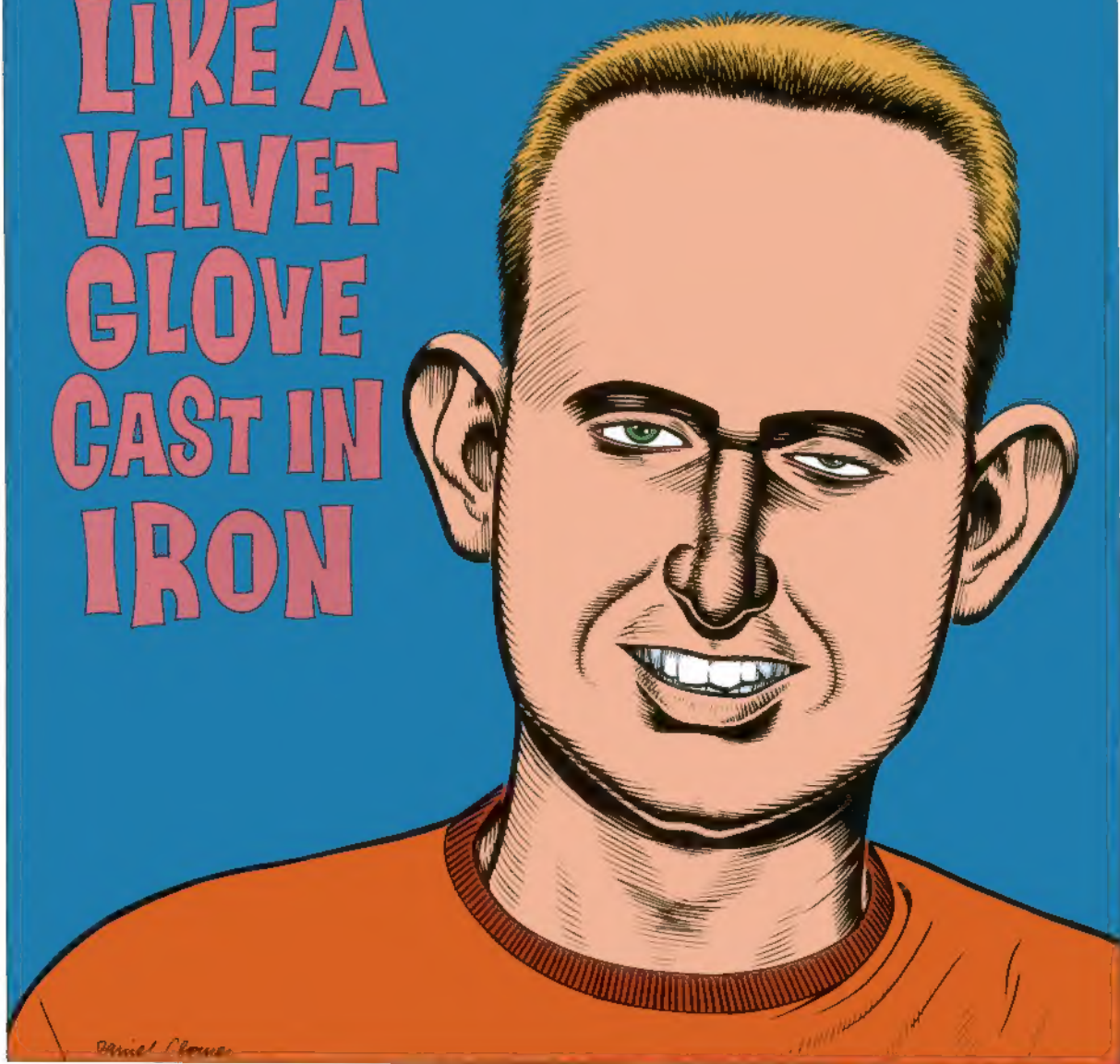
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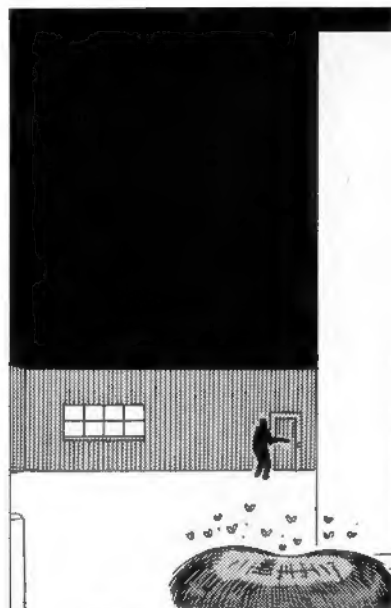
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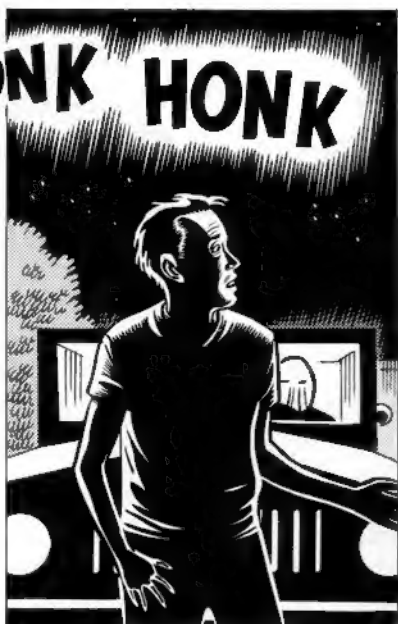
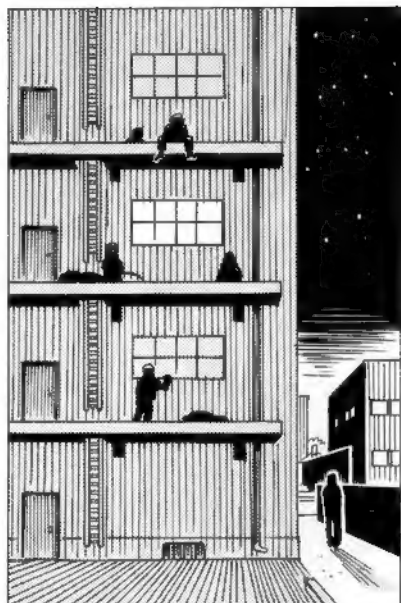


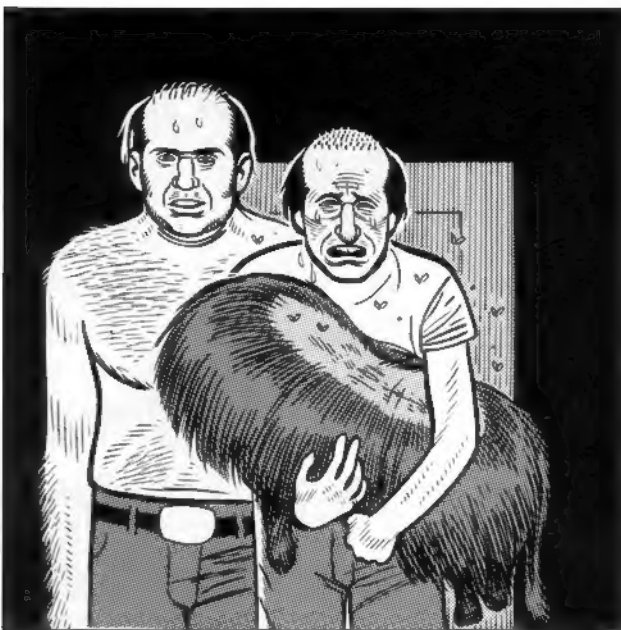
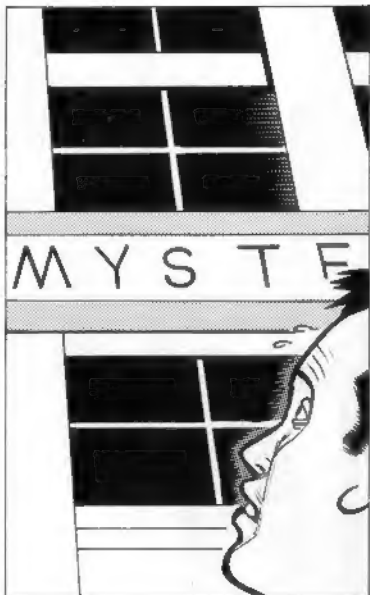
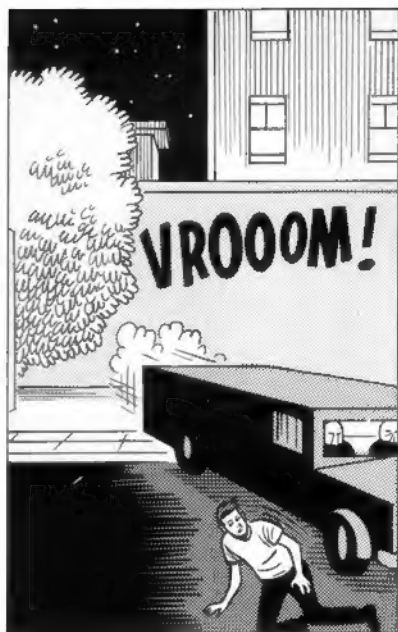
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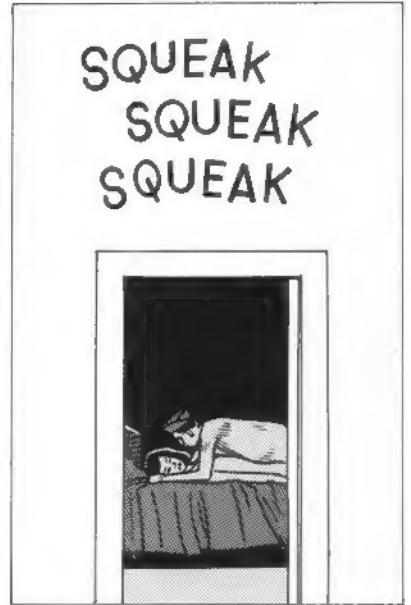
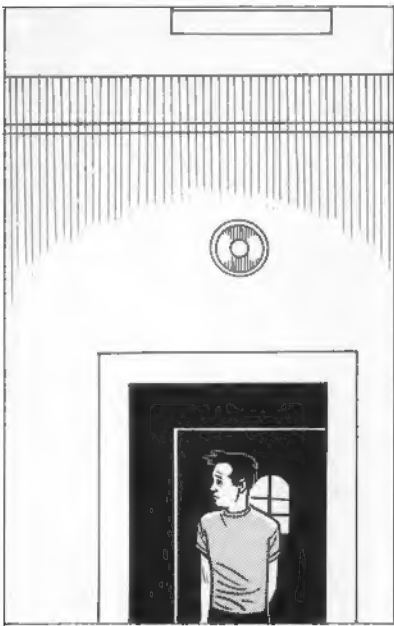


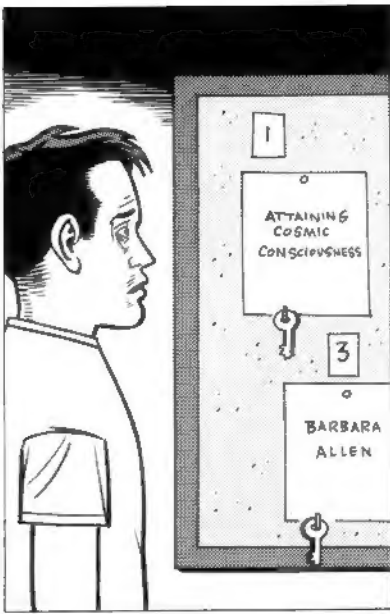
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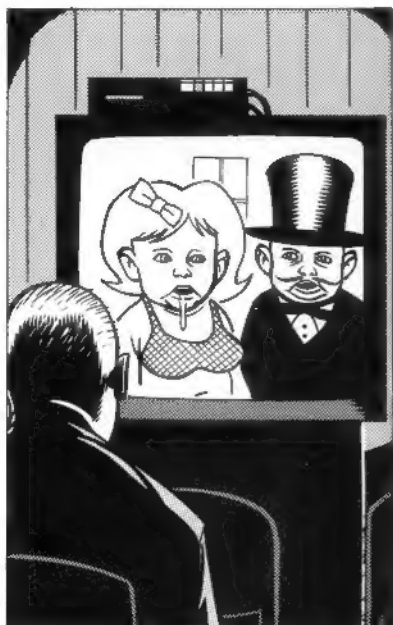
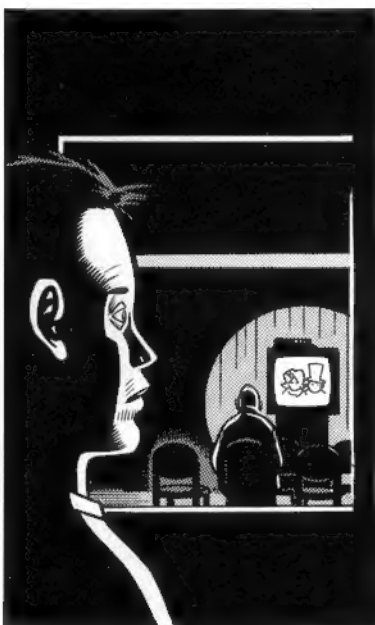
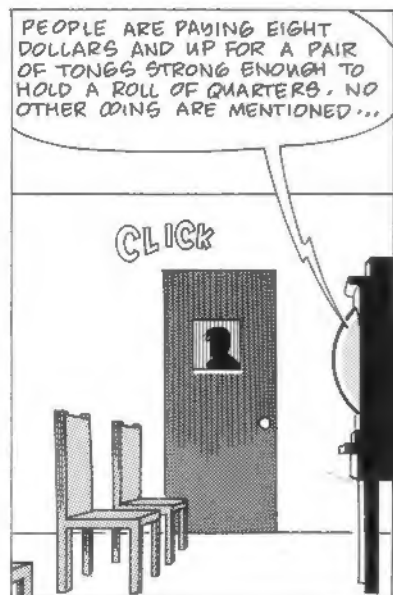
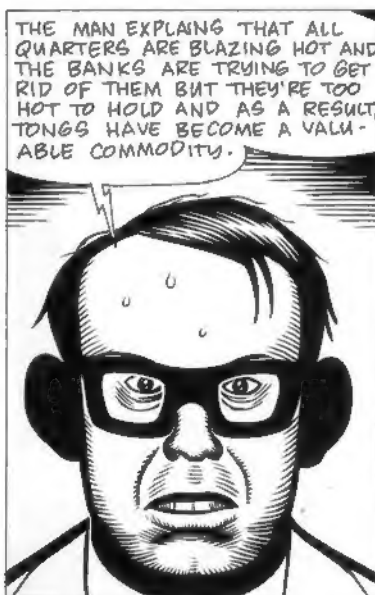
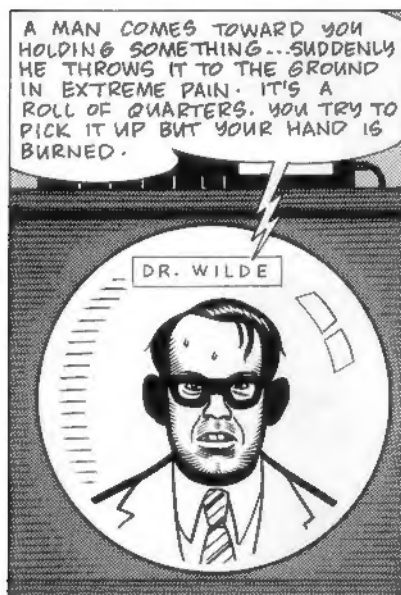
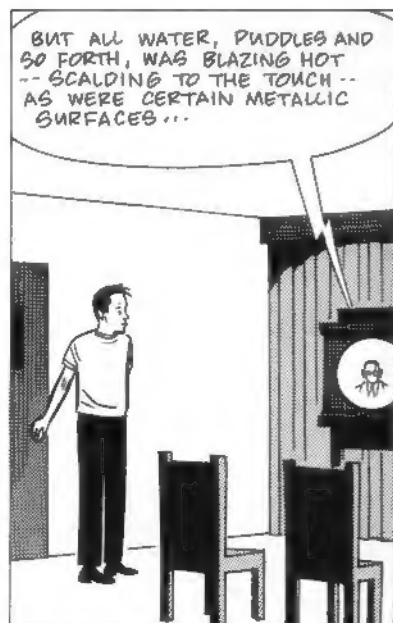
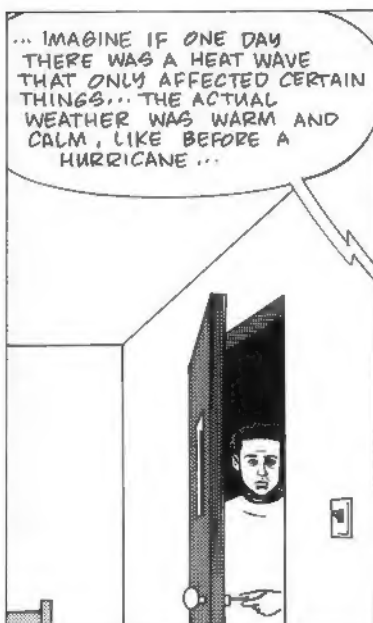


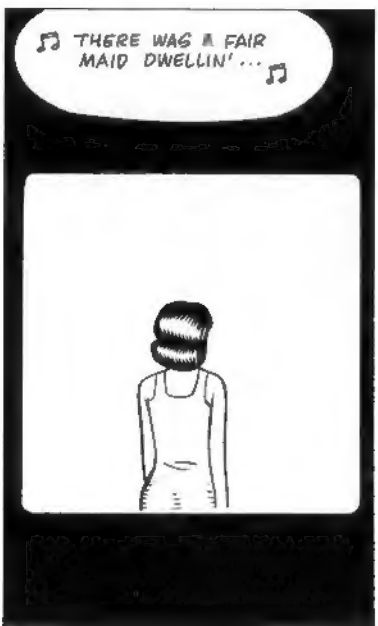
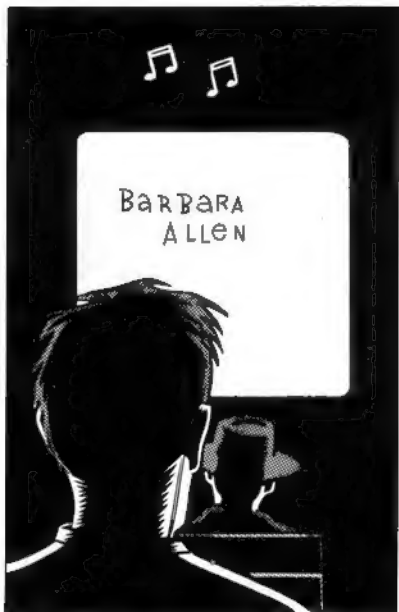
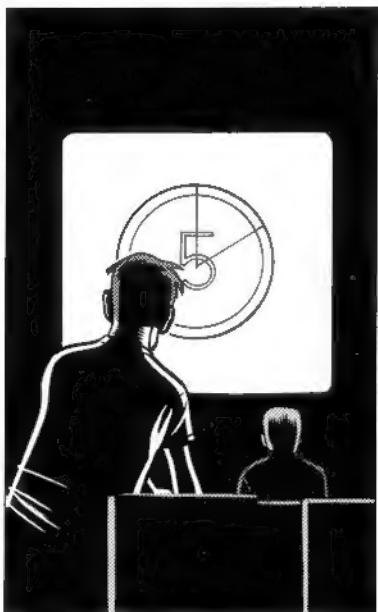
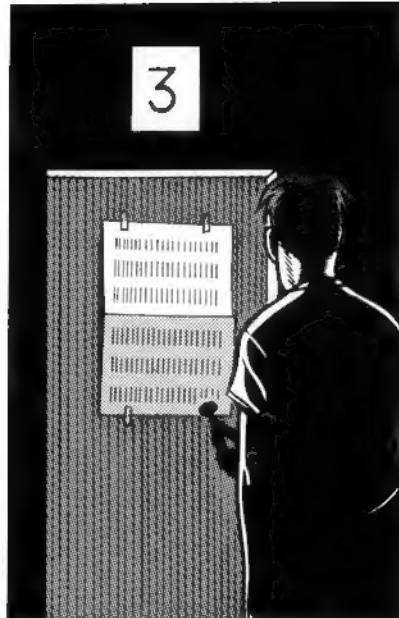
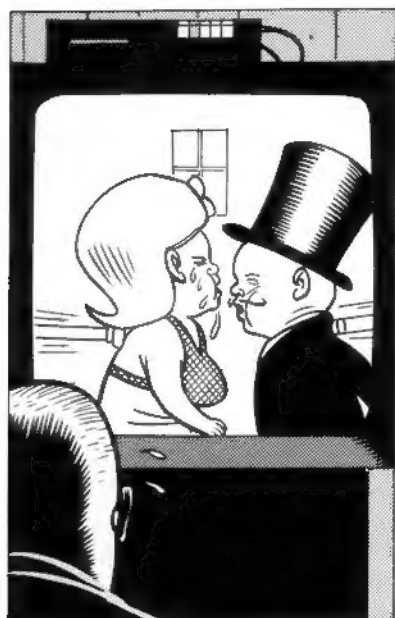




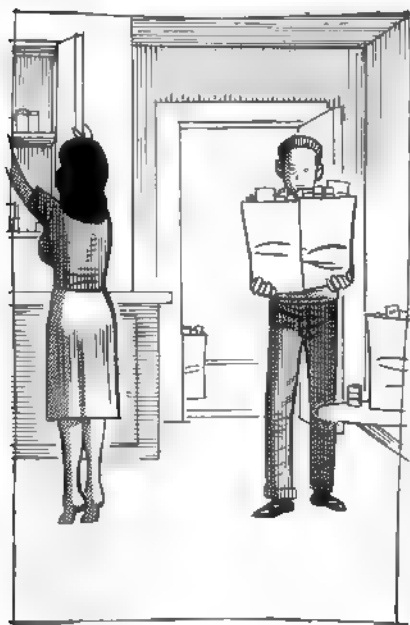
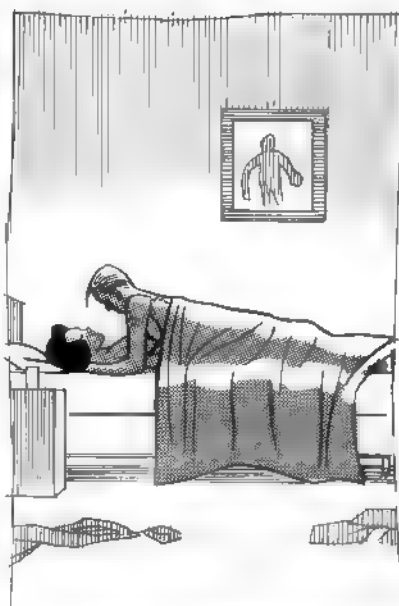


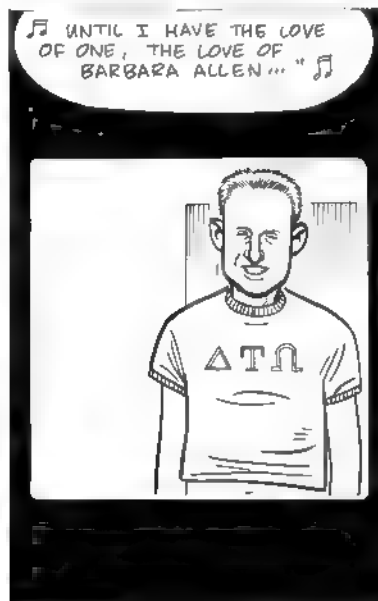
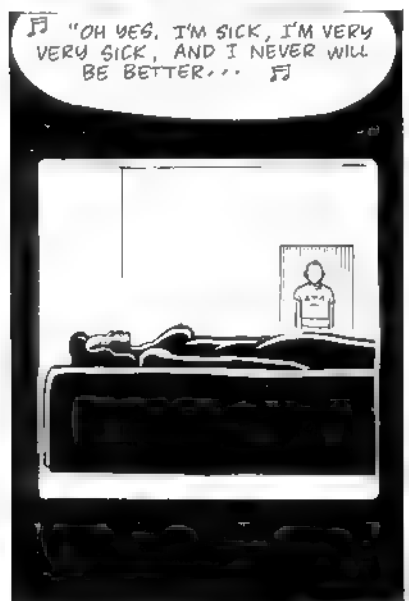




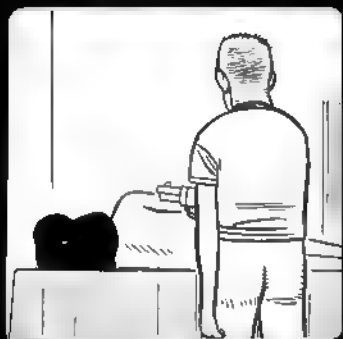


... AND HER NAME
WAS BARBARA ALLEN ♪





♪ THEN LIGHTLY TRIPPED SHE
DOWN THE STAIRS, HE TREMBLED
LIKE AN ASPEN ... ♪



♪ 'TIS VAIN, 'TIS VAIN, MY
DEAR YOUNG MAN, TO
HONE FOR BARBARA ALLEN.. ♪



♪ SHE WALKED OUT IN THE GREEN,
GREEN FIELDS. SHE HEARD HIS
DEATH-BELLS KNELLIN' .. ♪



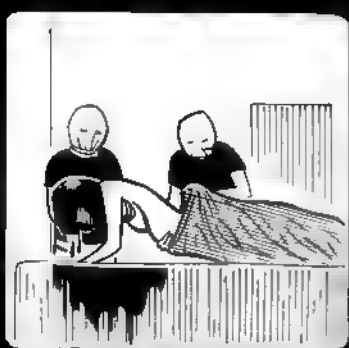
♪ AND EVERY STROKE THEY
SEEMED TO SAY, "HARD-
HEARTED BARBARA ALLEN..." ♪



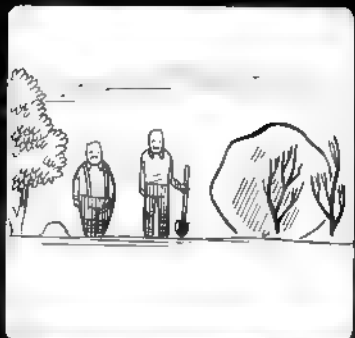
♪ HER EYES LOOKED EAST, HER
EYES LOOKED WEST. SHE SAW
HIS PALE CORPSE COMIN' .. ♪



♪ SHE CRIED "BEARERS, BEARERS,
PUT HIM DOWN, THAT I MAY
LOOK UPON HIM..." ♪



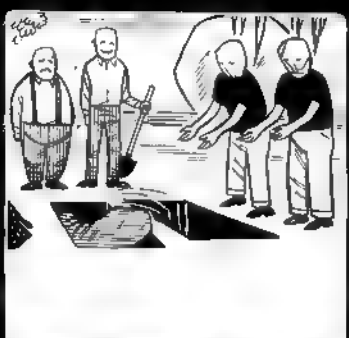
♪ THE MORE SHE LOOKED, THE
MORE SHE GRIEVED, UNTIL
SHE BURST OUT CRYIN' ... ♪



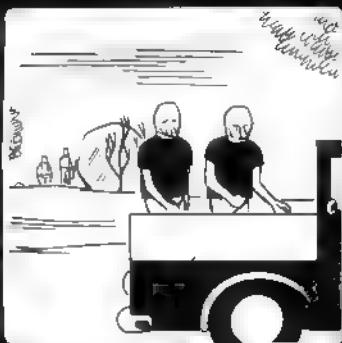
♪ SHE CRIED "BEARERS, BEAR-
ERS TAKE HIM OFF, FOR I
AM NOW A-DYIN'!" ♪



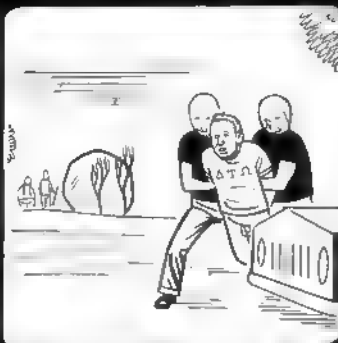
♪ OH FATHER, OH FATHER GO
DIG MY GRAVE, GO DIG IT
DEEP AND NARROW... ♪



♪ SWEET WILLIAM DIED FOR ME TODAY, I'LL DIE FOR HIM TOMORROW... ♪



♪ THEY BURIED HER IN THE OLD CHUECKYARD, SWEET WILLIAM'S GRAVE WAS NIGH HER... ♪



♪ AND FROM HIS HEART GREW A RED, RED ROSE, AND FROM HER HEART A BRIER... ♪



♪ THEY GREW AND GREW O'ER THE OLD CHURCH WALL, TILL THEY COULDN'T GROW NO HIGHER... ♪



♪ UNTIL THEY TIED A TRUE LOVER'S KNOT, THE RED ROSE AND THE BRIER - ♪

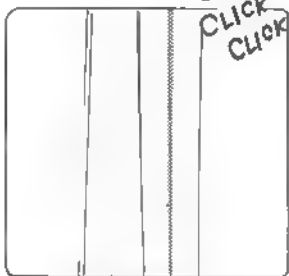


♪ ♪ ♪

the end



CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



TO BE CONTINUED



the RAGING MAIN

Write: EIGHTBALL
Box 3357
CHICAGO, IL.
60654

Mr. Clowes,

[Re: 8-Ball*6] I am the sole resident of Papatu, my private island off the coast of Maui. Often I have imagined being stranded on a subway with no one, save for my colorful animal companions. Moko, my trained parrot would make a fine conductor. The iridescent tropical insects would serve well as the passengers. You can use this idea in your next comic - but I do expect some compensation - or least a "tip of the hat"

Everett Edmore
Papatu



Dear Dan,

Just a note to express my appreciation for "Art School Confidential"... I've been a painter for 22 years and the most exciting thing to happen for me is a china painting class I enrolled in as a joke. It's all little old ladies who dote on me because A) I'm the only male B) I'm under 66. My novel looks like a Dutch souvenir shoppe.

Charles Krafft
Seattle, Wa.

Dear Dan,

You make me sick, Clowes! You got your comic Rightball (should be Hate-ball), and all you do is piss on fan-

boys and art students (which you yourself once were!) Can't you think of something more positive to do with your energy, and make your work less ugly? And Jesus fucking Christ, what the fuck is going on on p2, panel four? Those legs under the table must be six feet long! Where's your sucking sense of proportion, Clowes? And why the fuck do you draw people as mid-gets anyway? Face it, you're lucky to be living in America where you can get away with that horse-shit, and the comics and liberals you're in bed with too!

Don Simpson
Pittsburgh, PA

DESPITE THESE FIGHTIN' WORDS I AM STILL PROUD TO CALL YOU "FRIEND", DON! -- DC.

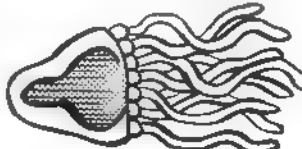


Dear Dan,

Don't hate me for this but I've never read much of your work until recently (when) I had a chance to read a huge amount of the stuff. All at a gulp! I'd read a little bit here and there before and didn't get much out of it, but now that I dig your oeuvre, man-YOWSA!

Dan Fosse is so damn funny! I love this character! I know this guy! I AM this guy! Didja notice that we had his face on the cover of METACOPS #3? That's the "ill-conceived pop-art satire" I wrote for MONSTER COMICS.

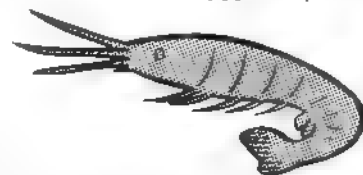
Link Yaco
Ann Arbor, MI.



Dear Daniel Clowes,

"A few months ago I was listening to 'Car Talk' and they had a puzzler: Use the following letters to spell just one word: D O B N T S O U T W A . I figured it out after a few hours. 'Snowjourned' was my answer and I sent it in right away. The following week I listened to see if I'd won. The answer was 'Just one word'. They didn't read my name and stupid answer on the radio but still I felt embarrassed

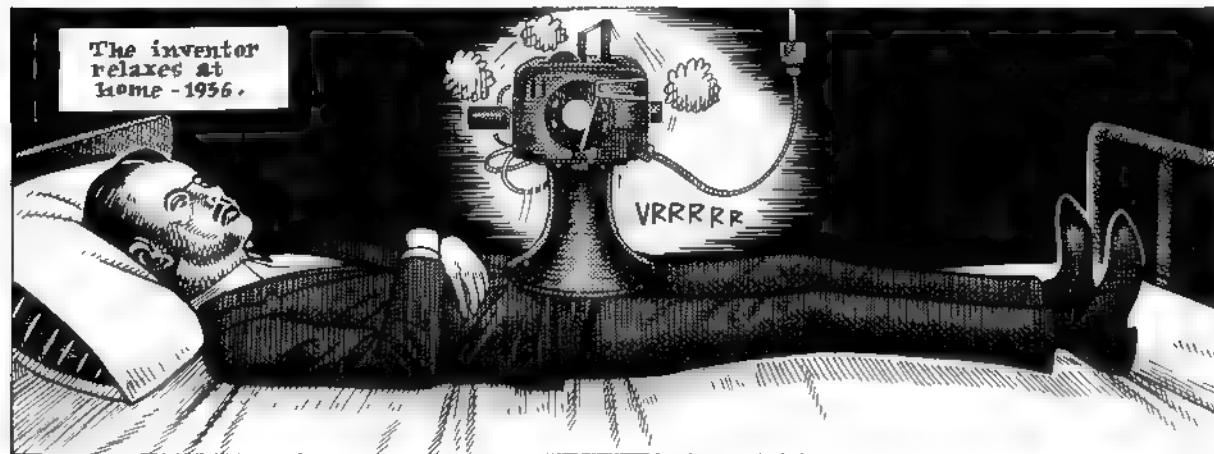
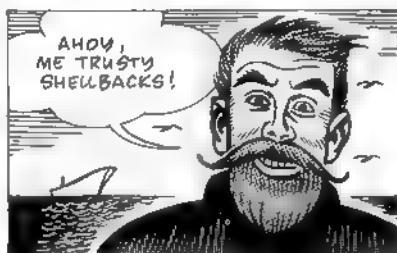
Steve Lerner
Seattle, Wa



Dear Daniel

About "Needleduck" My Vietnamese friend could relate to the boy for his small penis size but I could relate to it for another reason. When I was 15 or 16 I used to babysit for the neighbors. They had a dog named Kelly. One week they went on vacation and I was to take care of their house. I fed the dog but she was more interested in what I had in my pants. "What is it you want?" I asked. "What will you do if I give it to you?" I pulled my pants down and knelt on the cold cement floor. Without hesitation, the dog immediately began to lick my penis. Lick! Lick! Lick! She was insatiable and I soon came. After I got off I was immediately disgusted with myself and vowed never to do such a filthy thing again!

Name & address
withheld



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UGLY GIRLS

By Danny Clowes



TRUE PHYSICAL BEAUTY (WE'RE TALKIN' CHICKS HERE - I DON'T KNOW FROM DUDES) MUST BE THAT PERFECT COMBINATION OF NATURAL AND CHOSEN ELEMENTS WHICH FALL TOGETHER IN A HARMONIOUS EVOLUTION OF FEMININITY -- SUGGESTING SOMETHING BEYOND THE PHYSICAL - CHARACTER, HONESTY, HUMANITY - F'R INSTANCE... THESE KINDA WIMMEN ARE NOT SO EASY TO FIND NOWADAYS...



HELLO! HELLO! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ONE, BOYS! SHE'S A WONDER!



LOOK AT THAT FACE! IT RADIATES INNOCENCE AND HONESTY -- THE GLASSES AND HAIRCUT, SO PRACTICAL AND UNPRETENTIOUS... SHE'S STUNNING! *~SIGH~*

IS IT JUST ME?



ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID, AROUND 1972, I WAS AT A PUPPET SHOW IN STONY LAKE, MICHIGAN AND I SPOTTED THIS YOUNG BEAUTY ACROSS THE ROOM. I WAS MESMERIZED. ABSOLUTELY UNABLE TO TAKE MY EYES OFF HER. I POINTED HER OUT TO THE GUYS I WAS WITH (TWO WHITE-TRASH LOCALS) -- THEIR RESPONSE: "EWW, GRO-O-OSS!"



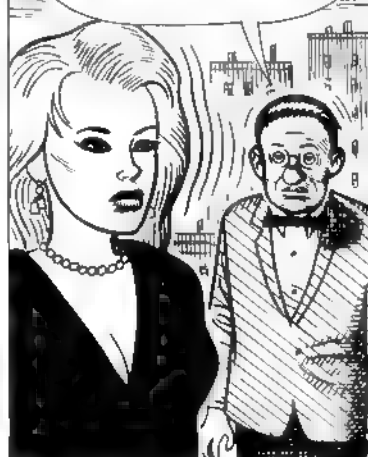
SOME FIFTEEN YEARS LATER I SPOTTED THIS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL WOMEN, ON THE NUMBER SIX BUS IN CHICAGO... BY THIS TIME I KNEW NOT TO POINT HER OUT TO ANYBODY BUT TRUST ME WHEN I SAY SHE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE BEAUTIFUL...



... MEBBE I'M GETTING TOO PERSONAL HERE... AFTER ALL I'M ONLY A FICTIONAL CARTOON CHARACTER..



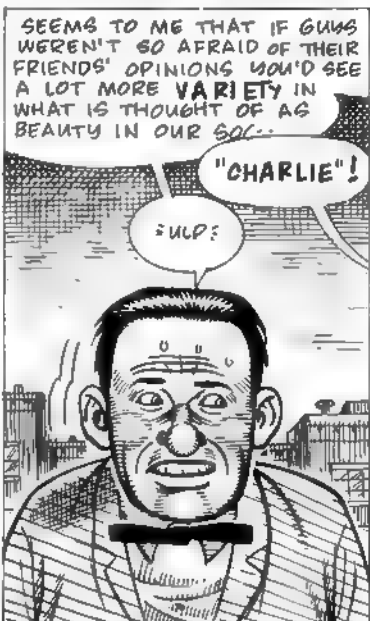
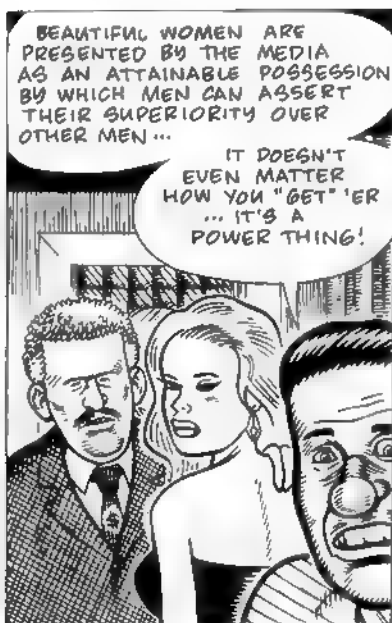
ALL I KNOW IS WHEN I SEE A "BEAUTIFUL" WOMAN I'M USUALLY BOWLED OVER BY A KIND OF EXISTENTIAL BOREDOM... LIKE I -- WELL... IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN...



GALS WHO BUY INTO THIS GLAMOUR THING ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TOO HARD... LIKE THEY'RE EMBARRASSED TO BE HUMAN...

... THE MORE MAKE-UP A GIRL HAS ON, THE MORE I WONDER IF SHE'S ACTUALLY A GUY IN DRAG!





Ye OLDE GIFT SHOPPE

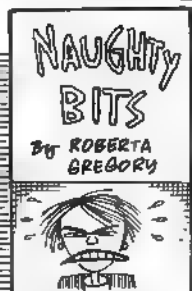
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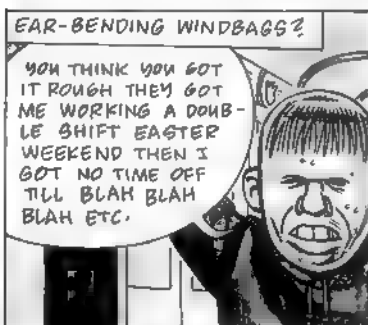
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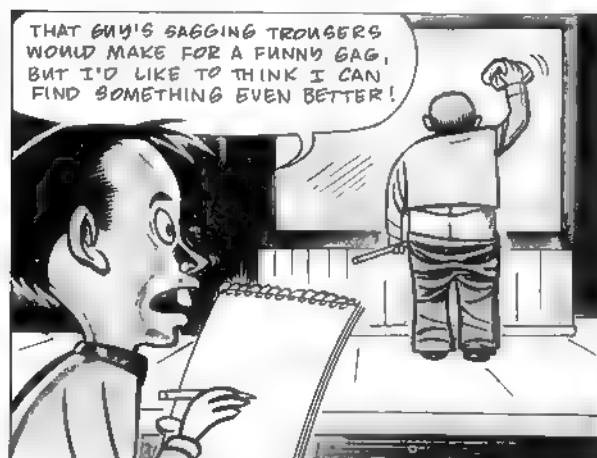
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state _____ zip _____

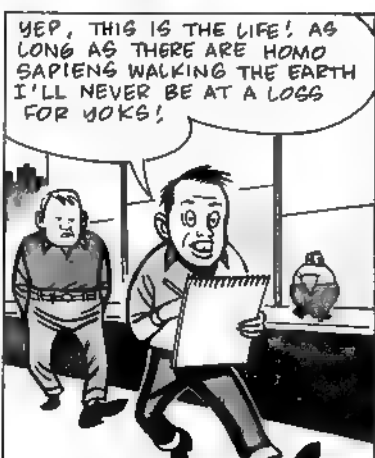
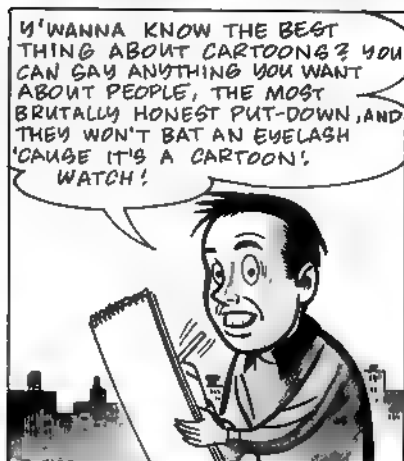
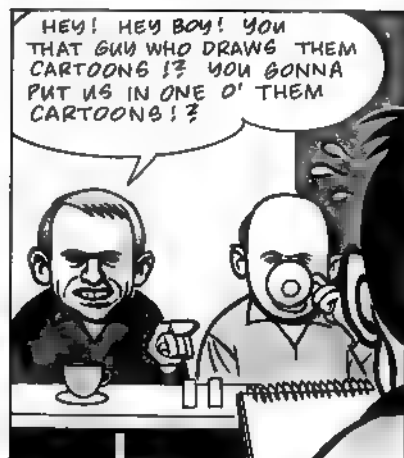
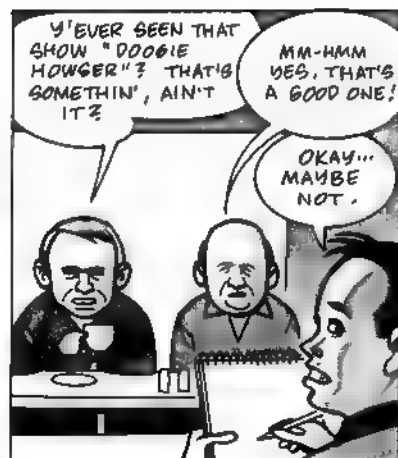
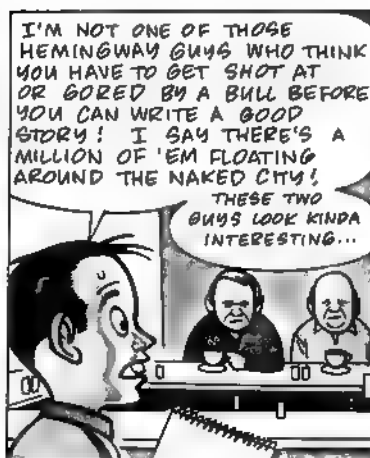


ARE THEY SIMPLY ANNOYING PESTS? TIME-WASTING, SPIRIT-DEFLATING CRETINS WHO SHOULD BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS? NO! TO A SENSITIVE ARTISTE LIKE MYSELF THEY ARE...

GRIST FOR THE MILL

By Daniel Gillespie Clowes © 1992 A.D.





AS SEEN
ON
TV

Are
you
kitt
me?



...FALSE! It's the new
comics from last month
with print runs in the
millions that command
big \$!

Should
I buy
10 copies
of BETA
FORCE 2

What
are you,
CRAZY?



DOT.

60T.

607.



You
really
DON'T
set it,
do
you?



Why
wouldn't
there
be?



A show of amateur
fantasy art followed by
a seminar on Japanese
sci-fi weaponry &
PINCH ME, I'M DREAMING!

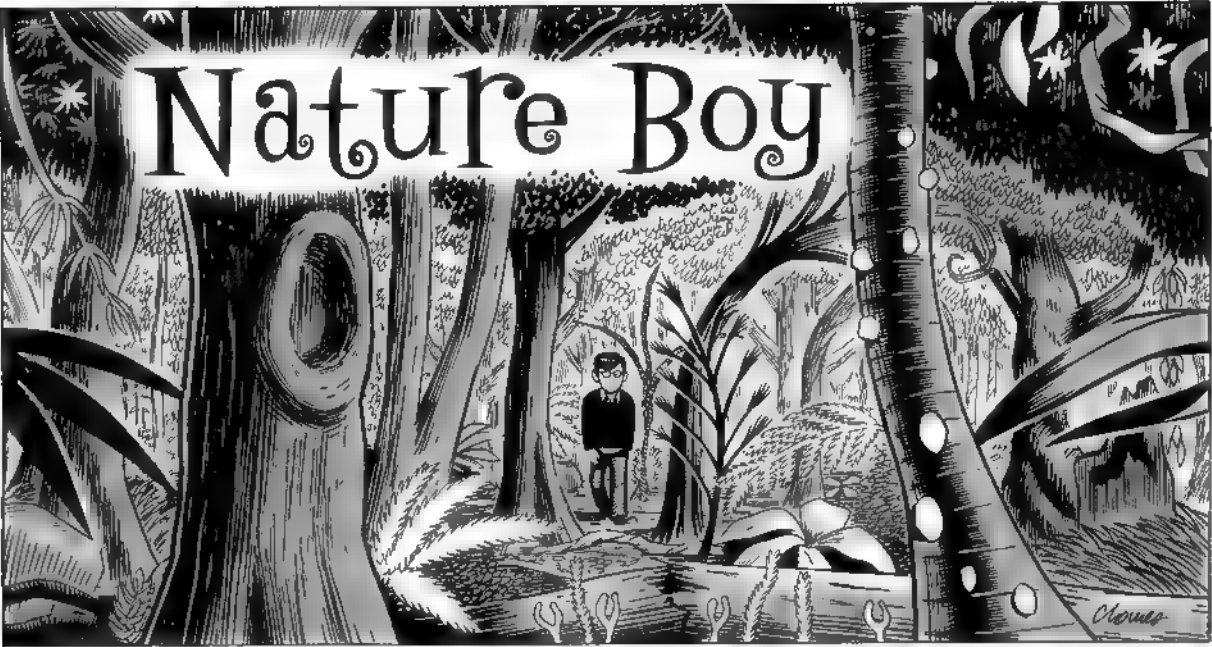


♪ Zyglon the Unicorn
 was lost in the Kingdom
 of the Troll until he
 was rescued by a faerie,
 a centaur and a wise,
 old Gnome ♪



When am
I WHAT?





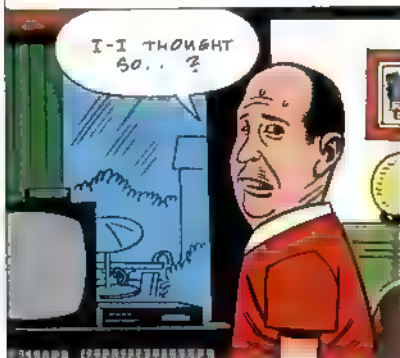




GIVE IT UP!

by Clowes

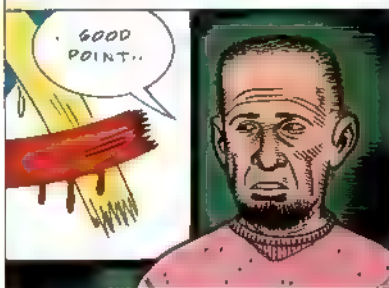
Even if you have billions of dollars, what good does it do you? Are **OBSESSIVE GLUTTONY** and the **ACCUMULATION OF SURPLUS** really valid reasons for living?



SURE, you could use your wealth to get girls to fuck you, but you'll never be able to respect them, or yourself. As long as you're rich you'll **NEVER** know if anyone really likes you.



FAME, RECOGNITION and **ARTISTIC SUCCESS** are great ego-boosters but the **TRUE TEST** of acclaim is when it holds up 100 years after you're dead... and think how stupid and illiterate people will be by **THEN**... And what do you care anyway you're dead!



Think about it... can you think of **ANYONE** whose life you'd like to emulate? Ever? **REALLY?** If so, I'll bet you don't know the whole story!



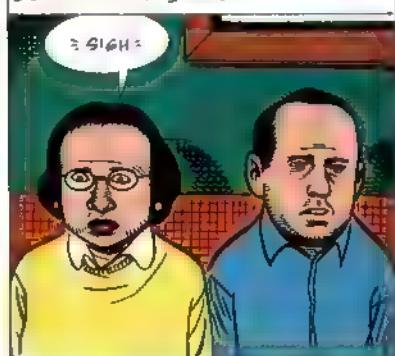
RELIGION and **SPIRITUALITY** seem like the way to go but ultimately you'll be bowled over by the enormity of the questions at hand and fall into pointless self-deception.



Try to imagine the **PERFECT LIFE**... All your ideas are pretty shallow, aren't they?



Relationships are no solution... only a **TEMPORARY DIVERSION** at best... an **OPIATE** to ease the pain, an unavoidable biological imperative fraught with emotional peril.



Let's face it... the **LAW OF AVERAGES** is dead-set against you.



Our civilization is built upon an **ARBITRARILY CONTRIVED** value system which effectively encourages our basest human instincts. As such, it is wrong-headed and will produce nothing of true value.



ATTENTION, ART LOVERS!

... SILKSCREEN PRINTS!



"LIKE A
VELVET
GLOVE CAST
IN IRON"

18" x 24", 11-
COLOR PRINT
LIMITED TO 400
SIGNED AND NUM-
BERED COPIES

\$80.00
EPA

SACRÉ
BLEU!



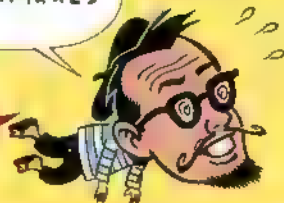
POSTER FOR
"MISFIT LIT."
EXHIBITION

8-COLOR SILKSCREEN
LIMITED TO 250 COPIES
SIGNED BY THE
ARTIST, 18" x 24"

\$60.00
EPA

MAGNIFIQUE!

Y'KNO, WE
GOT TH' SAME
STASH!



Send to: FANTAGRAPHICS BKS.
7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE
SEATTLE, WA. 98116

☐ MISFIT LIT \$60 ☐ VELVET GLOVE \$80

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SHIPPED IN INDESTRUCTABLE MAILING TUBE

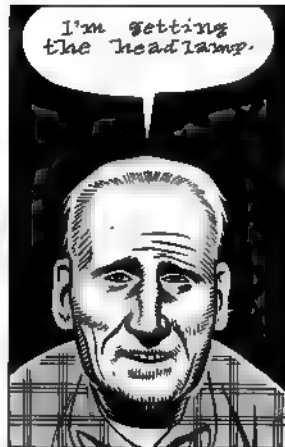


Bong! Boom!
Comics store's
free for kids
anytime!

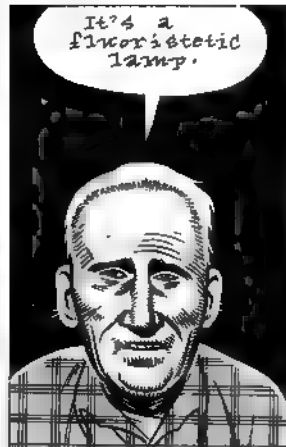
AN
EXHIBITION
AT THE
CENTER FOR
CONTEMPORARY
ARTS, SEATTLE

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

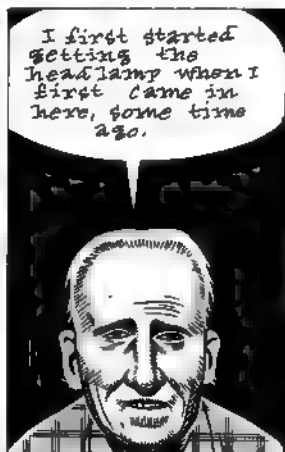
JOHN,
HOW ARE
YOU
DOING?



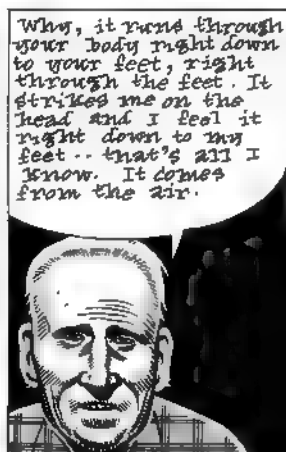
WHAT
IS THE
HEADLAMP?



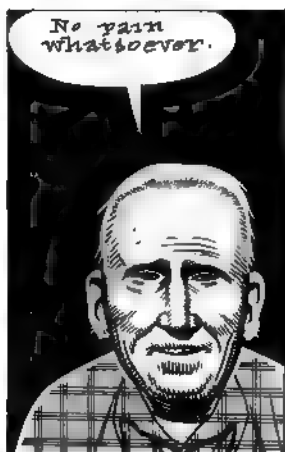
WHEN
DID YOU
FIRST
GET THE
HEADLAMP?



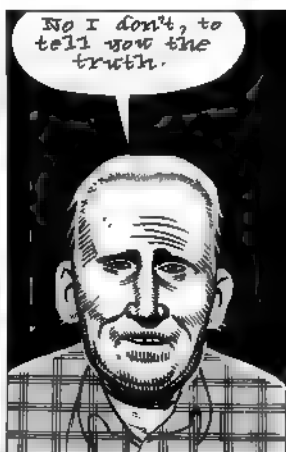
HOW
DOES IT
AFFECT
YOU?



DOES
IT CAUSE
YOU ANY
PAIN?



DO YOU
KNOW
ANYONE
ELSE WHO
GETS THE
HEADLAMP?



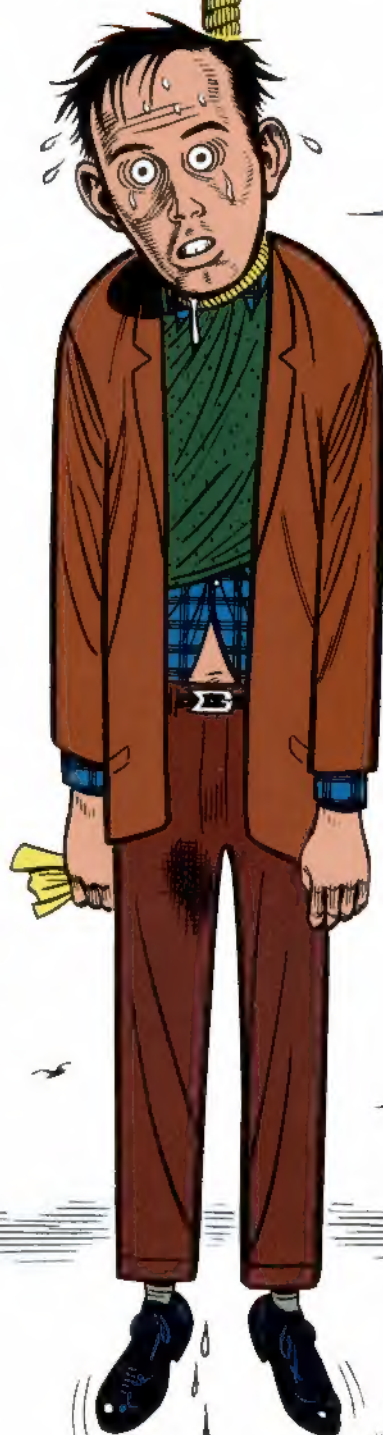
HOW
DID IT
GET
THAT
NAME?



NOT MUCH
IS KNOWN
ABOUT THE
HEADLAMP,
IS IT?



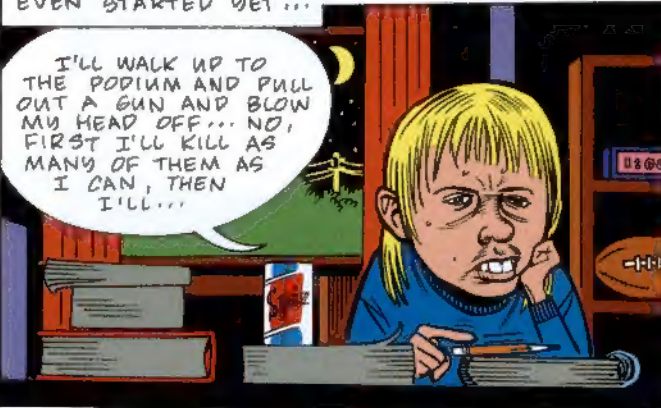
My Suicide...



HASN'T EVERYBODY CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE OR AT LEAST FLIRTED WITH THOUGHTS OF SELF-DESTRUCTION AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES? WHEN THE PRESSURES OF EXISTENCE WEIGH TOO HEAVILY, HASN'T EVERY ONE OF US TAKEN COMFORT IN THE NOTION THAT IF THINGS GOT REALLY BAD WE COULD JUST OFF OURSELVES AND THEN THEY'D BE SORRY! NO MORE MISTER NICE-GUY TO KICK AROUND ANY MORE! ... I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT REAL, SERIOUS, OUT-ON-THE-LEDGE SUICIDE, WITH A NOTE AND EVERYTHING (NECESSARILY)... JUST THOSE COMFORTING THOUGHTS OF DEATH WE ALL GET WHEN FACED WITH SOMETHING UNAVOIDABLY TEDIOUS AND MISERABLE...

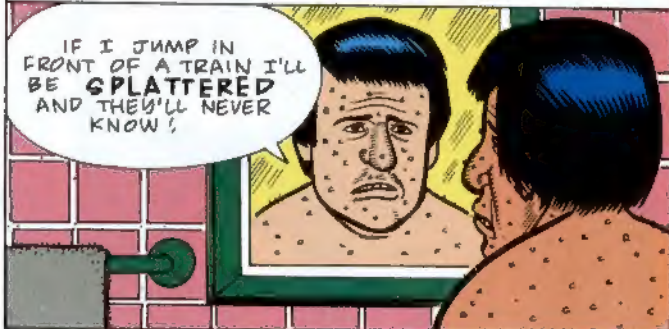
LIKE IF YOU HAVE TO GIVE AN ORAL REPORT IN HIGH SCHOOL TOMORROW AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET...

I'LL WALK UP TO THE PODIUM AND PULL OUT A GUN AND BLOW MY HEAD OFF... NO, FIRST I'LL KILL AS MANY OF THEM AS I CAN, THEN I'LL...



OR LET'S SAY YOU BREAK OUT IN WHAT YOU'RE CONVINCED IS SOME KIND OF VD AND YOU'RE FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF HAVING TO EXPLAIN A SLEAZY, RANDOM, SEXUAL ENCOUNTER TO YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR WHO'S KNOWN YOU AND YOUR PARENTS FOR YEARS...

IF I JUMP IN FRONT OF A TRAIN I'LL BE SPLATTERED AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW!



YOU'RE WITH ME ON THIS, RIGHT? I MEAN, IN THEORY THERE ARE LOTS OF SITUATIONS FOR WHICH DEATH MIGHT NOT BE SUCH A BAD ALTERNATIVE...

LIKE WHAT IF YOU GOT DRAFTED?



OR HAD TO GO TO PRISON?



OR WHAT IF YOU SOMEHOW GOT ELECTED PRESIDENT BY WRITE-IN VOTES AND EVERYBODY HATED YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE THE WORST PRESIDENT EVER?



I'M NOT SAYING YOU SHOULD KILL YOURSELF IF ANY OF THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO YOU (NECESSARILY)...IT WOULD TAKE AN AWFUL LOT FOR ME TO ACTUALLY STICK MY HEAD IN AN OVEN... I ALWAYS FIGURED IF THINGS GOT THAT BAD I COULD JUST SPLIT AND START A NEW LIFE UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME SOMEWHERE...



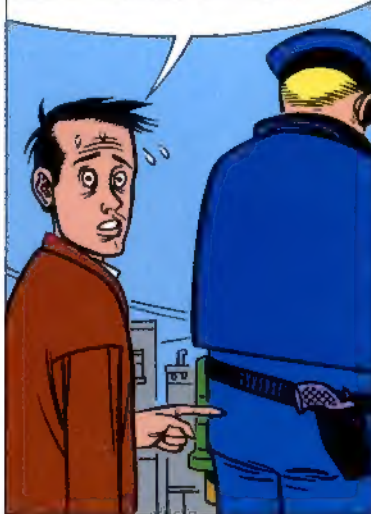
SOMETIMES I WONDER, THOUGH...WHAT IS IT WITH US HUMAN BEINGS AND OUR SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR? HERE I AM, A PERFECTLY WELL-ADJUSTED FELLOW AND YET I HAVE THESE VIOLENT IMPULSES...LIKE IF I'M DRIVING ON A CROWDED FREEWAY IN FRONT OF A SPEEDING SEMI, I'M ALWAYS TEMPTED TO SLAM ON MY BRAKES JUST TO SEE HOW BAD OF AN ACCIDENT I COULD CAUSE...



OR WHEN I'M ON TOP OF A TALL BUILDING, I'M NEVER AFRAID OF ANYTHING UNTIL I BECOME AWARE OF HOW STRONGLY I'M SUPPRESSING MY URGE TO JUMP...



OR WHENEVER I SEE A COP WITH A GUN IN HIS HOLSTER, I WONDER IF I COULD GRAB IT AND KILL HIM BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO REACT...



SOMETIMES I WORRY THAT I MIGHT TEMPORARILY SPACE OUT AND DO IT BEFORE I WAS ABLE TO STOP MYSELF AND THEN MY LIFE WOULD BE FUCKED FOREVER!

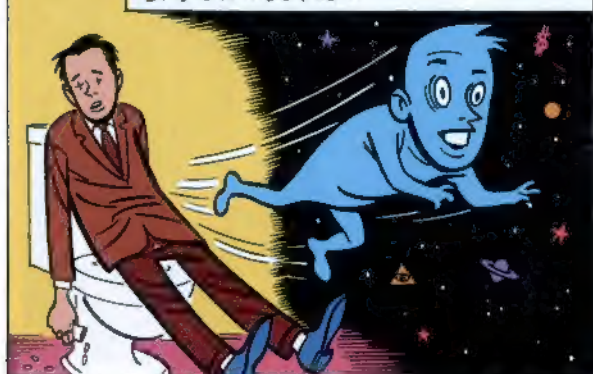


I IMAGINE THAT MY VIOLENT FANTASIES ARE FAIRLY TAME AS FAR AS THOSE THINGS GO... JESUS, I DON'T EVER WANT TO KNOW THE HORRIBLE THINGS THE REST OF YOU MONSTERS THINK ABOUT!



OF COURSE, THE BEST REASONS FOR SUICIDE ARE: 1.) TO BUM PEOPLE OUT, AND 2.) TO LEARN EXACTLY WHAT EVERYBODY REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT YOU... WHICH IS WHY IT'S BASICALLY A STUPID IDEA SINCE YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO FIND OUT...

UNLESS IT TURNS OUT THAT WHEN WE DIE WE TURN INTO INVISIBLE GHOSTS WHO FLOAT AROUND AND SPY ON PEOPLE...



EVEN PEOPLE YOU HARDLY KNEW...

IF ONLY I HAD TOLD HIM HOW MUCH I -- BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE
=SOB=



TEENAGE GIRL WHO WAITED ON YOU ONCE AT McDONALDS FIVE YEARS AGO

HISTORY WOULD BEGIN TO SEE TO IT THAT THE MEMORY OF YOUR GREATNESS LIVED FOREVER...

WE WILL PUBLISH EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER THIS BRILLIANT MAN EVER WROTE ON!

I BID 5,000 DOLLARS FOR HIS CHECK STUBS!



YOU SEE PEOPLE EVERY DAY WHO LOOK LIKE THEY DON'T CARE IF THEY LIVE OR DIE, OR WHO THEY TAKE WITH 'EM!



IN THIS OPTIMAL SITUATION, YOU COULD WATCH UNNOTICED AT YOUR OWN FUNERAL AS THEY ALL MOURN THEIR TRAGIC, UNTIMELY LOSS...

IN THE IDEAL DEATH SCENARIO YOUR RELATIVES WOULD BE DEVASTATED AND UNABLE TO FUNCTION...



SAME WITH FRIENDS AND ESPECIALLY OLD GIRLFRIENDS...

I COULD NEVER LOVE ANYONE ELSE... THIS CURRENT HUSBAND IS MERELY A PATHETIC APPROXIMATION OF MY DEAR, DEAD DARLING...SOB=



HAD A THING FOR ALLITERATIVE GALS!

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, ALL THIS IS PRETTY UNLIKELY...VERY FEW PEOPLE WOULD FEEL THAT BAD FOR MORE THAN A DAY OR TWO (IF AT ALL) AND ANYWAY, ALL THIS IS BASED ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT WHEN YOU DIE YOU'LL TURN INTO AN OMNISCIENT GHOST WHICH PROBABLY WON'T HAPPEN SO DON'T KILL YOURSELF AND SAY NO TO DRUGS!



THE END.

ANOTHER
SCAN BY
CLEVELAND'S OWN...

GLITCH



YOU DOWN WITH DCF?